THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

VOL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, July 2, 1808.* [No. 37.

ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 124.

WHETHER the shafts of satire may fairly be levelled at the foibles and vices of individuals, is a question which has long since been decided in the affirmative. But this decision will not warrant the satirist either to name the person, against whom he may direct his fire, or to exhibit marks of personal irritation with regard to him, or if unwarrantably severe and ungenerously pointed, he has no right to walk in a coat of darkness, or cover his face with a mask. Horatio, an old correspondent of the Wanderer, has sketched a number of outlines of character and sent them for his perusal; and while his friend is convinced that if any one feels injured by the severity they may contain, he has an undoubted right to demand the real author; Horatio is a volunteer in leaving *his name* with the printer, that in case *any person should acknowledge the likeness of the following portrait as resembling himself, the name so left may be surrendered without hesitation.*

DICKEY EVERGREEN.

The characters of those individuals which form a large class in a community are so little remarkable for any peculiarity of excellence or depravity, as to occasion in the reading the most mortifying indifference, or contempt. But when the delineation of persons who have evident, distinct, and prominent features in the expression of their disposition, or conduct, is held up for our examination, attention is very naturally excited from the rareness of the example. The little gentleman whose name makes the head of this paper, is distinguished from every other man of my acquaintance by the peculiar success of his contrivances to render his own *insignificance* conspicuous. He always has differed in his conduct from other people, and yet never did any thing praise-worthy or great. With very mean motives and grovelling ideas, he always had a wish to be notorious; and without having ability to be eccentric by design, he never was regular by mistake. Thus, though he is known by every body, he is laughed at by every body; he has aimed at too much and of course is despised for accomplishing no more; the frog who aspired to the bulk of the ox was not pitied, when be burst in the endeavour to attain it.

Dickey Evergreen, descended from respectable parents, was brought up by them in habits of industry, honesty, and virtue. He was taught that *necessity is the mother of invention*, that *honesty was the best policy*; but *that charity should begin at home*; and that, *where it did not*

interfere with his interest, spontaneous benevolence would carry him to heaven. For the truth is, although rigidly honest, old Mr. Evergreen was a miser, and the lessons of economy which he implanted into his son, from his childhood, could not but have produced the fruits of sordid avarice in a mind so apt to imbibe such impressions as young Dickey's proved to be. Finding in himself an ardour for childish sports, he often wanted money to spend with his young associates; but money was always withheld from his possession — This restraint cramped his young ambition, and damped his ardour for society; but created in him a thirst of gain and rage for money, that can generally be discovered only in the contracted disposition of the aged. All his youthful propensities were turned into this direction; and no latent principle of generosity which by accident might have originally inhered in his disposition, contrary to the will of his father, has ever yet been able to subdue it. It has even been invidiously intimated, that while yet a boy this hobby-horse of his had fairly trotted him out of the boundaries of honesty, into the slough of wickedness and vice, and made him a fretter of coins, a clipper of pistareens. This coin is well known to have a large border of silver unoccupied by the stamp, and Dickey by clipping the edges of all the pistareens he could collect, accumulated a sum of money, which astonished the gravity of city wisdom, and delighted the hereditary parsimony of the Evergreen family. Now though this story has been asserted over and over again with a thousand corroborative circumstances; I have always ascribed it to the invention of some prating gossip, or antiqu- ted virgin. One thing, however has a little perplexed me I mus confess; that if there were no tru in the story, why the world instea of calling him by his proper tit of *Dickey Evergreen*, should hav ridiculously denominated hi *Pistareen Dickey*. But whatev may be the grounds of this tale, c tain it is he very early learned t art of making bargains and truc ing for money the marbles he h the good fortune to win at pla And while yet a boy he persuad a widow lady of my acquaintan whom he heard possessed a sm sum of ready money, to suffer h to let it for her at an increased terest; but Dickey, who did consider faithfulness a christian ligation, when it counteracted interest, returned her only half price which he obtained for it. mention this to prove how apt e nomical minds are to wave the fling considerations of principle the paramount stimulant of ga and to shew, that thus early, Dic Evergreen bid fair to attain th putation, which is now generall warded to him. These and a th sand other innocent arts had pared him to be an honest vende pork, salt fish, and molasses, very early age. He conducted a apprentice with his usual ad ness; he was worth a considera amount of ready cash; he colle and sold all the perquisites of store, and contrived always to h the upper hand in a bargain; so long before his term of appren ship expired he was rich and guish enough to begin busines himself. Success in an obs part of the city, is not always ob ved, and Dickey Evergreen never dashed in his business, e ged from the wirlpool of com

cial bustle a rich man, before the world knew he had been revolving in it. Every one was astonished at success so unexampled; for his property was much larger than usually falls to the lot of honest men of twice his age and experience; but when he precipitately retired from active life, they could only enviously account for relinquishment so premature.

Dickey now felt his ardour for society revive, and as he was already rich and had youth in his favour, he supposed there was yet time for him, before he should die, to become learned and respectable. But in his calculations of moral effects, Dickey was not quite so certain as in those of interest and discount; for though in one he rose to riches, in the other he entirely failed, and is now a bankrupt. It may be somewhat amusing to observe how deep were Dickey's plans to obtain learning and gain respectability.

As to his learning, he first purchased at an auction, where he obtained it cheap, an old dictionary of Bailey, for which he contrived to select the hardest and most singular words, which he falsely considered as synonymous to those in common use, and indiscriminately vented them forth in every company, ignorant of his ignorance, and careless of exposure. He was abundantly happy to find a stranger, whom he could get into a corner, and there display his jumble of phrase and meaning, error and truth, vulgar and classical expressions, without application and without end. His mountainous phraseology, and pigmean ideas, were so absurd that common hearers could as soon comprehend a foreign language, as his conversation, which was certainly not English. Who would suppose, that "to defalcate the excrescence of the cylindrical luminary," meant only to snuff the candle; that his ordering "the biped to communicate provender to his quadruped, and conduct him to the receptacle for his species," intended no more than that the stable-boy should lead his horse into the stable and feed him. These outrageous attacks upon his native language uttered with most impertinent volubility, served to extend his name into every circle as a fool; but he, contented with the fame, did not understand the application, and so persevered in his folly. So far then as his attempts to become learned have rendered him respectable, I presume no one, who reads this, will give him much credit for success: let us now observe what other methods he pursued to attract regard.

So wordy was Dickey, that if the ladies, who when they use hard words generally misapply them, happened to stumble on an expression they did not comprehend, they often referred to him for the explanation; for with some of them Dickey pass d for a man of very tolerable capacity. He was always ready to explain one hard expression, by words still more difficult, like Dr. Johnson's definition of "*net-work*"; and where the gentleman did not understand it himself, he escaped by *some out of the way* reply which shielded his ignorance and screened him from contempt. This notice of some ladies elated him so much, that he soon became a fop of the first water, and from some unaccountable quirk in his disposition became extravagant in dress. This ridiculous propensity in him to appear super-genteel, was not attended with any particle of taste in style or deportment. And when con-

trasted with his former shabby appearance, his present foppishness only served to tickle the risible fibres of the wags and satirists of the town. Among all this foppery without neatness, and pedantry without learning, Dickey, from the curious principle which governed his mercantile career, as well as from early education, had learned the value of a good name; and he soon set himself up for a philanthropist. He, therefore, sought out widows and old maids in distress, assisted them liberally with *advice*; his accents, gentle as the dew from heaven, fell on the ears of poverty, and then she proceeded home to chew the cud of disappointment for a dinner. Once indeed he did lend a few dollars to some sisterly old maids within the circle of my knowledge, who praised him liberally for charity so generously conferred. But Dickey always remembering this event, for it stood alone in the catalogue of his benevolent actions, and therefore could not easily be lost sight of, contrived to recover back his liberality, and leave his character without one act of generosity to upbraid it for inconsistency, in a way at once original and ingenious.

It seems in order to add to his happiness and fame, he had been a long time seeking a wife, but all the fine women to whom he applied, and he aplied to a score of them, sensible of the ridiculous sound of Mrs. *Dickey Evergreen*, and of the want of reputation attached to his name, peremptorily refused him. Determined to be more cautious for the future, he resolved not to speak of marriage to an American woman again; for, says he to himself, "Hymen will not consummate a connubial league between any Columbian nymph, and a *blemish* like me." He, therefore, to make all sure, applied to a foreign lady, of excellent acquirements, who probably had she known him better, would now have known him less. She, however, accepted him, and Dickey Evergreen was a new made man. The marriage preparations were splendid, and his happiness was now to be complete: but amidst all this magnificence, one thing rankled in his bosom; the charity he had bestowed on the old maids. So on the morning of his marriage, Dickey posted down his wedding suit to a little shop which the old women had opened to keep them from starving, and there spying a large roll of green baize, greedily seized upon it and remarked, that he wished to *borrow* it on that happiest day of his life. He took it; and running through the streets to the church with the bundle of baize under his arm, arrived at the door just time to have it spread from the vestibule to the altar, before the bride arrived. Dickey contrived by this singular expedient to trample his liberality under foot. Thus having balanced accounts with benevolence, he was married in form; but has never since returned the baize.

The circumstances of Dickey's life since his marriage have only served to increase his insignificance, and he passes for a greater fool than ever. He once took into his head to visit London with his wife; made his conclusion on Sunday, and embarked for England on Monday morning; when he displayed as rare an example of American originality, as any monkey which was ever exhibited at the tower. His long blue cl

worn upon the Royal Exchange, half concealing a lank, spindle-shanked beau, dressed in all the gaudiness of the most tasteless extravagance, excited general attention, and caused his countrymen to hide their heads from ridicule. He returned to America, with all the foppery of London, united to his natural folly; but general derision constantly attended him. So he determined that when he had worn out his fashionable garments, he would become a miser again; and he now sneaks about the streets with his shoes patched, his coat shabby, and in no particular appearing like a gentleman.

He is at present sunk into general disregard; and is only noticed to be ridiculed, when conversation turns upon outrageous folly, impertinent pedantry, and hollow benevolence.

HORATIO.

FOR THE EMERALD.

CORINNA.

(Continued from page 426.)

BUT I have already said, that in this novel of Madam de Staël, the plot, the characters, the picture even of morals, are only accessories. The *principals* are the singular opinions of the authoress in philosophy, morals, and literature. A novel is in itself nothing but the vehicle by which her *opinions* are conveyed to the world. These opinions are common enough; we know well enough, among other things, the great importance Mad. de Staël attaches to melancholy, and the preference she from thence gives to the literature of the north of Europe, where her deep melancholy seems to be imprinted on every page. This time, without renouncing her adoration for this northern species of literature, she renders due honours to the Italian. It is true that *Dante* is her favourite; Dante that *dark* and energetick genius, fostered in periods of difficulty and revenge, is entirely fit, by the sometimes extravagant sublimity of his thoughts, to enchant those, who, like Madam de Staël, are in raptures with Shakespeare. She does not appear to estimate so highly Tasso and Ariosto, of whom one is but a little more melancholy than Virgil, and the other than Voltaire, who, as we well know, has not been much addicted to it, particularly in *la Pucelle*. The opinions of Madam de Staël have been often combatted, and according to my belief, with great success. Few people accede to them; the authoress notwithstanding does not appear disposed to abandon them; there would therefore be no manner of utility in combating them anew; and I will say as much of her philosophick and moral opinions. They astonish by their novelty, their boldness; but they convert no one: the writer and her readers alike perform their respective duties. A good refutation of them would then be superfluous, and it would besides infallibly experience the humiliation of not possessing the same splendour of style, nor receive the same successful renown as the paradoxes which it would confound. There are certain situations in which reason ought not to be compromitted. We shall always regret that Madam de Staël, writing a novel, should infuse in the dogmatical and moral part more imagination than in the dramatick part: instead of painting the world, and revealing to us the secret of its passions, of its principles, of its prejudices, of its interests, of its conduct as all good writers of these productions have done, she has only traced an imaginary world, or at least a very circumscribed one, of which she constitutes herself the centre; for it is idle to dissimulate, all the world knows it and proclaims it, that Corinna, as to her sentiments and opinions, is Madam de Staël herself. It would be perhaps impossible for her to have it otherwise. Almost constantly placed, as a sovereign, in a circle of admirers, conquered by the ascendency of her genius, or reduced to silence by the pleasure of listening to her—she talks more than she reflects—she thinks much more than she attempts to scan the thoughts of others.

This particular situation of Madam de Staël has had much influence upon her style Living for conversation, or rather for a species of solemn discourse, in which no one, we concede, has more brilliancy and fire, she has necessarily contracted the habit of those turns and bold

expressions which mankind admit—because, on these occasions the *effect* is the first law, and we seldom converse with those who do not think like us, and accord in our sentiments, and what matter is it, after all, if we are blamed, or are not understood in a sentence which is indeed very long, and which they cannot stop to examine, because it is followed by ten others which they have not time to investigate more. It is however quite otherwise with a book—and this difference needs no explanation.

Madam de Staël does not directly infringe the rules of grammar, she does not construct incorrectly her sentences, she does not fabricate new words; but she amplifies, and tortures the natural meaning of those which already exist, and sometimes connects them together in a most ludicrous manner.

I have heard a person of much acuteness of observation, remark, that Madam de Staël thinks she has found a new idea when she has caught a new and improper expression. I do not however believe this to be generally true, although it has some semblance of it—and it is for Madam de Staël to be first seduced by a confliction of terms which afterwards leads others astray. She has perhaps incautiously excited ridicule in making an unbounded use, in her new work, of those words which she has been before charged of abusing: She has also enriched this singular vocabulary with a new employment of the word *poetry*. Every moment we meet with the *poetry of life*, the *poetry of the heart*. The environs of Rome are in unison, *poetical*; but will it from thence follow, that we may call the environs of other cities *prosaick*? I do not see any thing to prevent our speaking of the *prose of life*, or *of the heart*, as well as of the *poetry* of both. It is not the word *poetry* alone, it is the thing, it is poetry itself that Madam de Staël has employed as indiscreetly in her prose. She has also been lavish with *metaphor* and *personification*. In her superabundance of sensibility, she has scattered it without measure upon beings who are the least susceptible of it; she has animated all the marble and all the stones of Italy. Here "the imposing majesty of the stair-case of the Capitol, seems to hail with pleasure the light steps of a woman." There "the view of a monument is like unceasing and stationary musick, which waits to enrapture you at your approach." We find in Corinna a thousand examples of this figure. Madam de Staël, undoubtedly with the desire of being poetick, has interwoven a great deal of religion in her work. Apropos, this is an ingredient, at this day universally acknowledged to be necessary; a heroine of romance must be a prodigy of *devotion* and *love*; for this heightens the triumph. As to the rest, Madam de Staël gives an example of impartiality and of toleration, which ought to be imitated by her fellow labourers in romance. Born a protestant, she speaks of the catholic religion and of its worship, with an *unction* and a charm, that would almost make proselytes among the other sects. Not content with the poetry of religion, she has also employed that of superstition. Corinna that woman of superior mind—Corinna, at the height of her happiness, perceives a cloud to obscure the moon, shews it to Oswald, as a fatal presage; and at the moment of expiring, points him to the same cloud with a gesture that seems to say, *Ah! am I deceived?* I have already said, that Madam de Staël has put into the mouth of Corinna her own sentiments and opinions; but I believe it to be necessary to except from this, a belief in omens.

The novel of Corinna has its defects; I have pointed them out without any other regard than that we owe to the sex and to the reputation of the authoress; but this work has also many beauties, and very many excellencies: I have sensibly felt them at the perusal; and it is only by long and cool reflection that has enabled me to discover its faults But what work is without them? And how many works redeem their's at that price, for the same merit and distinction. There are in Corinna a multitude of pages which elevate the soul with the noblest ideas, warm the heart by the most generous sentiments and charm the mind with the most ingenious ideas and the most brilliant images. Besides the fine qualities of the authoress, the gentleness and dignity of her character, displayed throughout her work, are not among the least pleasures we experience. Other writers may preach more virtue, but they excite much less. We know them too well. The *rigidness* of their writings recal us to the recollection of the irregularity of their lives; and by this inspection we lose all benefits of their lessons. The only one we can draw from them is, that of all vices, the most hateful is that of hypocrisy.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THE subsequent remarks are pertinent, however they may seem to betray a degree of zeal, that would be *righteous over much.*

"THE GOSPEL, LOVELY FOR SIMPLICITY AND TRUTH, can please no longer, without the tawdry and adventitious ornaments of classical literature; Cicero, Aristotle, Longinus, and Quintilian have taken possession of our pulpits; the consequences which follow are natural, we exhibit the atheism of Aristotle, the pride and dissimulation of Cicero, and the refined as well as the more gross vices of Greece and Rome.

"In all this glory of learning, A GOSPEL CHRISTIAN is rarely to be found; nor ought we to wonder; it would be absurd to expect that wit, rhetoric, and the pride of human reason can increase the effect of, or are at all necessary towards inculcating the plain, simple, and obvious doctrine of CHRIST, AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

"What gross ignorance, and extravagant presumption, to expect that Greek and Latin can teach us *to put off the old man*; that pagan poets, and heathen orators, can enable us to imitate the purity, mildness, and humility of our blessed Redeemer.

"It is from mistakes like these, we have so many CICERONIAN GOSPELLERS, so few GOSPEL PENITENTS; instead of being contrite, submissive, and repentant, like the publican who went up to the temple to pray, and who could only exclaim, God be merciful to me a sinner; we have high-bred men of letters who glory *that they are not as other men are*; we have your POLISHED LITERATI, whom you may hear sermon after sermon, stalking in heroics, without supposing or even guessing, if you have not heard their texts, that you were listening to a minister of the Christian religion.

"Losing sight of the practice and doctrine of their master, who plainly tells them, that THE WISDOM OF THIS WORLD IS FOOLISHNESS WITH GOD, they are only ambitious of the character of elegant rhetoricians, and connoisseurs in variety of style; now flying on the unfeathered wings of high sounding words, or transported on the *enormous sublime* of a Milton."

The subjoined extracts are a fair epitome of the detestable principles of the shrewd MACHIAVEL.

"The man who drives the political machine," says the cunning Italian, "must take care that his hooks and staples be driven home, and that his chains are strong; that his horses move in well tried harness, and that in each of their mouths, there be a sharp curb; freely using his whip, holding a tight rein, and keeping a firm seat, he may go where he will, and travel at any rate he pleases.

"It is not at all necessary, that the cattle under his management, should know by what point of the compass he is steering; only furnish them with good provender, and if you cunningly manage them, you may do with them whatever you please."

How amiable the contrast afforded by the principles of Sir William Temple? Our principle being "*Orna quod nactus es!*" We

cordially coalesce in sentiment with Sir William.

"The ground of all government, is popular confidence but if, in any instance, the affections, opinions, and interests of the people, should be crossed and alienated, this will be reversing the pyramid, which, provided it be balanced with skill, and supported by care, may stand for a while, if the elements are calm and untroubled."

GOOD NATURE.

The following instance of it occured in the private life of Louis XIV. whose public character has been loaded with execrations.

"In a gay party at Versailles, an opportunity offered for the king's producing, what he thought, a facetious story, but which, in telling, was rather insipid. One of the company soon after leaving the room, his majesty said, "I am sure you must all have observed how very uninteresting my anecdote was;" the persons present agreed that it was not exactly what they had been taught to expect.

"I did not recollect," said the king, "till I commenced my narrative, that the turn of it reflected very severely on the immediate ancestor of the Prince of Armagnac, who has just quitted us, and on this, as on every other occasion, I think it far better to spoil a good story, than distress a worthy man."

This is a practical exemplification of real unadulterated good nature, and, perhaps, was the source of Pope's admirable couplet;

Curs'd be the verse, how smooth so e'er it flow,
Which tends to make one honest man my foe;

a sentiment, by the way, more attended to by the monarch than the poet.

GAMING.

The infatuation of gaming was never more glaringly exemplified than in a Mr. PORTER, who in the reign of queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, and who in the reign of queen Anne lost one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland

"The last night of his career when he had just perfected the wicked work, and was stepping down stairs to throw himself into his carriage, which waited at the door of *a well known house*, he suddenly went back into the room where *his friends* were assembled and insisted, that the person he had been playing with, should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him: his rational proposition was this; that his carriage, the trinkets and loose money in his pocket, his town house, plate, and furniture, should be valued in a lump, at a certain sum, and thrown for at a single cast; no persuasions could prevail on him to depart from his purpose: he threw and conducting the winner to the door, told his coachman, *that* was his master, and heroically marched forth, without house, home, or any one creditable source of support.

"He retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the substitute of a marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as helper at a livery stable

"In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him five guineas to purchase necessaries.

"He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remain-

ing five, he repaired to a common gaming house, and encreased them to fifty; he then adjourned to White's, sat down with his former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning the next night, he lost it all, and after subsisting many years in abject and sordid penury, died a ragged beggar, at a penny lodging-house in St. Giles's.

"Had he fractured his leg on quitting the gaming house with twenty thousand pounds, or been doomed, by a lettre de cachet, to straw, bread and water, and a shaved head, for six months, in a dark room, it might have brought him to his senses, and have prevented so ignominious a relapse."

TERM TIME.

To college once more the young student repairs,
With a ponderous head and a pair of light pockets,
To slumber o'er books, for which nobody cares,
Till his eyes like his candles, grow dim in their sockets.
Like a vessel becalm'd in an indolent ocean,
At life's busy scenes, he raves and he rails;
While the wind that should give the adventurer motion,
Gets into his stomach instead of his sails.
No mistress to chat to, no play to solace,
He in solitude sighs for his bottle and punk,
And pants for a *chatte meretricious* embrace,
Madona to banish the gloom of a Monk.
In his flights to Parnassus the same indiscretion,
Attending the hero in all his misdeeds;
With scurrility, satire, lampoon, and digression,
A perfect poetical rhapsody breeds.
His tutor quite tir'd, and teaz'd with his task,
He maddens and raves round his desolate cavern,
He *ticks* for another oblivious flask,
And imports a fresh cargo of fun from the tavern.
Then at night stealing out in his cap and his gown,
Exhausted in fruitless pursuits after knowledge,
He roams like a fugitive all round the town,
And returns like a bacchanal, drunk to his college.
Thus immur'd where a constant inanity reigns,
Which alternately seizes his purse and his scull,
When his pocket is empty he puzzles his brains,
When one becomes vacant, then the other is full.

SWIFT.

The peculiarities of Swift in regard to his domestic concerns are the more remarkable, because they lessen his dignity as a man of letters.

"As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his servants when he hired them by some test of their humility. Among other questions, he always asked whether they understood cleaning shoes; because, said he, my kitchen-wench has a scullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the business of my groom and footman, is constantly to clean her shoes by turns. If they scrupled this, the treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a farther hearing.

"His kitchen-wench, however, was his cook, a woman of a large size, robust constitution, and coarse features, whose face was very much seamed with the small-pox, and furrowed by age. This woman he always distinguished by the name of *Sweetheart*.

"It happened one day, that Sweetheart greatly over-roasted the only joint he had for dinner; upon which he sent for her up, and with great coolness and gravity, "Sweetheart," says he, "take

Who, like a comet, sweeps th' aerial void
Of wit and fame, too fine to be enjoy'd:
For him the muse shall wake her ev'ry art,
Exhibit truth, and open all the heart,
Display the unnumber'd ills that hourly wait
The cells of wisdom, or the rooms of state:
Then, as o'er life's unfolding scenes we fly,
Bid all his wishes pant but for the sky.

Heroic glory in the martial scene,
From Rome's first Cæsar to the great Eugene,
Has long engross'd the poet's heav'n born flame,
And pour'd her triumphs thro' the trump of fame:
She mounts the neighing steed, th' imperial car,
Grasps the pale spear, and rushes to the war;
Beneath her steps earth's trembling orb recedes,
A Poitiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds;
The battle raves——around her sabre flow
Terrific pleasures, and a pomp of woe.
Pomps ever lost in peace, and but ador'd
When half a nation smokes upon her sword.

Fly then, ye Genii! from the tumult fly,
To all that opens in a rural sky:
There as the vale, the grove, the zephyrs pour
Each purer rapture on the guiltless hour,
From ev'ry shrub content's soft foliage glean;
And rise the Platos of the vernal scene.

And is it so? does science then possess
Alone the godlike privilege to bless?
Will fame her wreaths to moral wisdom yield,
And give the pen to blaze above the shield?
Say, does fair bliss delight in Maudlin's grove,
In Stanhope's villa, or in Young's alcove?
Deigns she on Secker's modest page to shine?
Or beams the goddess, Lyttleton! on thine?

Ask at yon tomb, where Cudworth's mighty name
Weeps o'er the ruins of his wit, and fame;
Cudworth, whose spirit flew, with sails unfurl'd,
Thro' each vast empire of th' ideal world,
Pierc'd thro' the mystic shades o'er nature thrown,
And made the soul's immensity his own.
Yet tho' his system wit and science fir'd,
Tho' Wilmot trembled, and tho' Hobbes expir'd,
Mistaken zeal, mad bigotry conspire,
All Turner's dullness, and all Oxford's fire,
All envy's poisons, all a nation's rage,
And all hell's imps to blast th' unfinish'd page.

Much injur'd shade! to truth, to virtue dear,—
Be calm, ye witlings! and, ye zealots hear:
And, while this bright intelligence pervades
Th' ideal world, and rises o'er the shade,
His mines of wisdom, if you can, explore,
Then shut the volume, and be vain no more.

Genius, and Taste, alas! too often prove
The worst of mischiefs to the wretch they love;
Born but to vex, to torture, to destroy,
Too wild for use, too exquisite for joy,
By some mysterious curse ordain'd to know
Each wit a rival, and each fool a foe,
For it's a crime too great to be forgiven,
A giant sin that bars the gate of heaven,
If these meridian suns but dare to shine
In the same orb with Cibber's muse or mine.

Yet, spite of envy, science might be gay,
Could science but allow her sons to play,
Could he, whose name along the stream of time
Expanded flies, and lives in ev'ry clime,
Exalt his spirits with some nobler fame
Than the thin breezes of St. James's can,
Immortal Halley! thy unwearied eye
On wisdom's pinion flew from pole to pole,
Th' uncertain compass to its task rest,
Each ocean fathom'd, and each wind explor'd,
Commanded trade with ev'ry breeze to blow,
And gave to Britain half the Zemblian snow,
And, see, he comes distinguish'd, dearest,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to every breast;
His godlike labours wit and science fire,
All factions court him, and all sects admire.

(*To be continued*)

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR
By E. G. Houer, No. 5, Court

MONTHLY LIST
OF MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

JUNE.

MARRIED,

In this town, Dr. John Gorham, to Miss Mary Warren, eldest daughter of Dr. John W.; Mr. Benjamin Pike, to Miss Sally Andrews; Capt. Hartwell Williams, of Augusta, to Miss Sarah Bridge, of Dresden; Capt. Edward Tyler, jun. to Miss Susannah Thomas; Mr. James S. Lovell, to Miss Nancy Bethune; Mr. Henry Hutchenson, to Miss Susan Cade; Mr. Amos Lewis. jun. to Miss Beriah Bacon; Capt. Samuel Harding, of Brunswick, (Me.) to Miss Lucy Stutson; Mr. Francis Southack, to Miss Maria Stetson; Andrew Dexter, jun. Esq. of this town, to Miss Charlotte Morton, daughter of the Hon. Perez Morton, of Dorchester; Mr. Henry Siders, to Miss Mary Locke. In Salem, Mr. Samuel Brown, to Miss Mary Smith; Mr. Jona. Perley, mer. to Miss Sally Smith; Dr. David A. Grosvenor, to Miss Sally Grosvenor; Mr. Miles Searl, to Miss Sarah Stanley. In Newburyport, Capt. Joel Hall, mer. of Portland, to Miss Mary Porter. In Hingham, Rev. Samuel Willard, of Deerfield, to Miss Susan Barker, only daughter of the late Dr Joshua B. In Newburyport, by the Rev. Mr. Morse, Mr. Joseph Cutter, mer. to Miss Abigail C. G. Jones, daughter of the Hon. John C. Jones, of Boston. In New Jersey, James Swan, jr. Esq. to Miss Caroline Fluker Knox, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Henry K. In Providence, Mr. Lemuel Sheppard, to Miss Mary Tileston, both of Dorchester. In Hamden, (Me.) Dr. Charles Ulmer, to Miss Mary Gilman. In Athol, Mr. Ebenezer Knight, aged 84, to Mrs. Hannah Gilman, aged 62; his fourth wife. Near Niagara Falls, Capt. Joseph Cross, of the U. S. artillery, to Miss Anna M. Lowe. In Halifax, Rev. Charles Porter, President of King's College, Windsor, to Miss Eleanor Wallace, of H. In Philadelphia, Mr. John *Height*, aged 62, to Miss Sarah Howe, aged 56; *heigh ho!* In Providence, Mr. Edward L. Grueby, of Portland, to Miss Mary F. Aspinwall, of Springfield.

At St. George's Chapel, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Dr. Willis, James Temple Bowdoin, Esq. to Miss Mary Dickason, eldest daughter of Thomas Dickason, Esq. mer. of London.

In Paris, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, the reigning Prince of Ahremberg, to Mademoiselle Tascher, a relative of the Empress Josephine: The bride had previously been raised by Napoleon to the rank of a Princess; also, Her Highness Ationette Murat, niece of the Grand Duke of Berg, to the Prince of Hohenzollern: The bride had previously been created a Princess.

In Leesburg, (Virg.) on Sunday, May 15, by the Rev. J. Mines, Capt. J. Slater, aged 82 years, to Mrs. Elizabeth Dorshtimer, a sprightly widow of about 75, after a prudent courtship of something less than 20 years.

Where Cupid strikes his arrows fast,
In Hymen's bands they'll join at last,
None after this shall need despair,
Who read the ages of this pair.
He wouldn't her for a wife have took,
Was he not in want of a cook;
And sure the wisest course he's taken,
Who gets a wife to cook his bacon.

Mr. Wildblood, of Huddersfield, Eng. to Mrs. Midgley, widow of the late Mr. M. of Leads. This alliance, take it for all in all, is *unique* in the annals of matrimony. The husband is not less than thirty years older than his wife, the courtship had not been of less than three weeks duration, and the degree of consanguinity in which the happy pair stand to each other, is not less than father and daughter (by marriage).

DIED,

In this town, Mr. Henry Hill Hammatt, aged 27; Maria, daughter of Mr. Joshua Beals, 9 years; Mr. Ezekiel Goldthwait Bridgham, 30; Mrs. Hannah, wife

of Mr Micah Orcutt, 50 ; Mr. Nathaniel Marston, 28, of the house of Marston and Osborn, New-York ; Sarah H. daughter of the late Capt. John Risbrough, 15 months ; Frederick-William, youngest son of Mr. Edward Edes, 2 years ; Mrs Mary, wid of the late Mr. Nathaniel Tidmarsh, 66 ; Mr. Benjamin Edwards, 43 ; Walter, son of Mr. Eleazer Jackson, 4m Mrs. Hannah L'Augier, daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Minot, 40 ; Miss Sarah Green, 66 ; Mrs. Mary Tufts, 26 ; Ezra, son of Mr. Ezra Davis, 2y. 6mo ; Miss Anne Elizabeth Palmer, 7y. eldest daughter of Wm. L. Palmer, Esq ; Miss Melitiah Harris, 29, formerly of Dedham ; widow Mary Scott 72 ; Mr Jonas Clark Minot, 70 ; George, son of Mr. Joseph Clark, 2y. 6m. ; Mr. Charles Shelton, 37 ; Mrs. Elizabeth, relict of the late Nathan Frazier, Esq. 73 ; M. Anthony Latin Delille, 60 ; Mr. Benjamin Gault, 78 ; Mrs. Sarah Revere, 45 ; Mrs. Sarah, wife of Mr. Ralph H. Peak, 35 ; Capt. Supply Simonds, 41 ; Miss Mary Lentipower, 27 ; Miss Ruth Bisby, 29.

In Salem, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Moses Little, 54 ; Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Ambrose Curtis, 32 ; Mrs Hannah, wife of Mr. Joseph Symonds, 62 ; Mrs. Polly Jones, 20 ; Mrs. Mary, wife of Capt. Thomas Beckford, 30 ; Mr. John Boyd, 17. In Middletown, (Virg.) Mr. John Lamson, 94 ; he had 14 sons ; 9 of them belonged to one company in the revolutionary war. In Winchester, Mr. Richard Bowen, editor of the Winchester Gazette. In Washington City, Mr. Henry Kreemer, late a clerk in the national treasury department. In Augusta, Miss Abigail, daughter of the late Mr. Benj. Edes, of Boston, 42. In St. Helena, Mr. George L. Gray, formerly editor of the Anti-Democrat, of Baltimore. At Hilton Head, Wm. Elliot, Esq. of Beaufort, (S. C.) : He has left a widow and several children (one of which is a student in Harvard University) to lament his loss : He was an early patriot; and bled in the war of independence : at his death, he was a senator of S. Carolina. In Philadelphia, Dr. James Reynolds. In New York, James Dunlap, Esq. 67. In Albany, Col. Philip P. Schuyler, 73 ; a vigilant and useful officer in the revolution, and a valuable citizen. In Plainfield, Mrs. Mary Hubbard, 100. In York, suddenly, while on a visit to her friends, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. David Hyslop, of Brookline. In Portsmouth, Mr John Noble, 45 ; Mrs. Goddard, wife of the Hon. John Goddard ; Mrs Anna wife of Mr. Tobias Walker. In Hingham, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr Solomon Whiton, 79 ; they had lived together 57 years. In Salem, Mr Benj. Bray, 33. Mrs Mary, wife of Mr Thomas Needham, 38 ; Capt George Osborn, 70 ; Mr Stephen Osborn, 72 ; Mrs. Nancy Fo 21. In Littleton, Mrs Elizabeth New ell, 78. In Cranston (R. I) Hon. Nehemiah Knight, 61 ; one of the representatives from R. I. in the U. S. Congress.

In Honduras, Mr. Ebenezer Robson, native of Newcastle, (Scot.) and late this town. In Providence, Col. Jo Remington ; Mrs Mary, relict of Mr Thomas Sabin ; Mrs. Elizabeth, wife Mr. George Brown, 52. In Foster, Ca James Hopkins, 35. In Chester, (V Mr. William Thompson, 84 ; the olde man there. In Windsor, (Vt.) Mr. J seph Powers, of Reading ; while drivi a loaded waggon for Boston, a ha rel of pearl-ash fell on his breast and o casioned his death. In Charlestown, M Harriot, youngest daughter of Capt. seph Cheever, 19 ; Mrs. Sarah, wife Mr. John Pelham. In Dedham, Mr. C vin Ellis, mer. 36. In Greenfield, (N. Mr. Wm. Spear, son of the late Mr. N than S. formerly of Boston. In Sale Mr. Samuel Carnes, 45.

In Starbrook, (Ten) Oliver Heard, E attorney at law, 27 : He had just marr a blooming young widow of 88y. w had led him to suppose she possessed attractive charms of 8,000 dls. proper but who unfortunately did not possess 8-1000th part of that sum : Finding had lost his case, and mortified at then suit, he took an affectionate leave of tender and amiable consort ; and, dri ing her reformation in a tumbler of p son, added suicide to the crime of r speculation.

In Quebec, Capt. Windsor, of the 1 royal regiment. Near Nassau, (N. Flora Thompson, a black woman, 1 she was born in Africa in 1658, and ter being bought and sold a number times, obtained her freedom in 17 She was industrious and faithful ; never had a fit of sickness except which occasioned her death ; upwa of 800 persons attended her remains the grave.

In Philadelphia, Mrs. Cornelia M

ton, 32, consort of Washington M. Esq. of New York, and daughter of the late Gen. Schuyler, of Albany. Near Boyd's Island, Mrs. Van Wie, wife of Mr. Van Wie, of Albany; returning from Bethlehem in a phaeton, they drove into a fording place to wash the wheels, when the horses plunged, overset the phaeton, and Mrs. V W. drowned.

Near Clarksburg, (Geo.) Mr. M'Donnel, his wife, and step daughter; murdered by a young negro man slave, who supposed he could get his master's money, and with it purchase his freedom: After committing the horrid act, he alarmed the neighbourhood, and said the Indians had come in and murdered the family; but being suspected and whipped, he made confession, and was burnt the next day. Near Natchez, George Fitzgerald. Esq. a native of North Britain, for a long time a respectable resident at N: He drowned while crossing St. Catherine's creek. In Christianburg, (Virg) Mr. Thomas Lewis and Mr. John M'Henry; both fell in a duel: The dispute was concerning the election in Montgomery county, from which M'H. had just been returned a delegate in the state assembly, and which he had filled during several recent sessions: L challenged M'H. to fight with pistols; he refused, but offered to with rifles, at the distance of fifteen steps; which L. acquiesced in: they met, and both fell; L. was shot through the heart, and M'H. a little below. In Norfolk, Presson Bowdoin, Esq. 45; a melancholy instance of the misapplication of education, talents and wealth.

At Goose-Creek, (Geo.) Mr. Michael Dougherty, 135; one of the first settlers of the state: he walked two miles the day previous to his death; and eat a hearty dinner two hours before he died. In Georgetown, (S. C.) Mr. John Trumbull, 27, son of Mr Richard T. of Charlestown, (Ms.) In Charleston, (S. C.) during the month of May last, 140 persons; 120 of them blacks. In Baltimore, Mrs. Abigail Lyon, 57; late of Worcester, (Ms.) Hartford, Elijah Hubbard, Esq of Middletown, 61; a member of the General Assembly: He went to bed in usual health, and expired in a few minutes.

In Stephentown, (N. Y. five men, and a boy: Two boys being scuffling in sport, one flung the other, and dislocated his neck, which killed him instantly: a brother to the boy killed, ran and told his father, who was then engaged in assisting to raise a house, and guarding the foot of a post of the bent of the building; forgetful of his trust, he quit his station, and the bent fell instantly, killing 5, and badly wounding 14 men.

In Henniker, Mr. William Wallace, 23. In blowing a rock, the match having been several times attempted to be fired without success, he stepped up to again apply the fire, when some sparks of a former fire took effect - by which his body was lacerated and mangled in a shocking manner, and his soul hurried to the world of spirits.

In Philadelphia, Samuel M. Fox, Esq. President of the Bank of Pennsylvania—a gentleman distinguished for his talents, industry, and integrity.--His life was a bright example for imitation, and his loss is a subject of the most affectionate regret.

Departed this transitory state of existence, on the evening of Tuesday last, Martin Hoyle, a native of Ireland, and for a number of years last past, an inhabitant of Petersburg.—This strange old man, whose uncommon peculiarities had attracted the attention of every one towards him, was some 10 or 12 years back engaged in commercial pursuits in this town, and from a combination of causes, failed in business. From the moment of his bankruptcy, the faculties of his mind (naturally strong) had been visibly impaired. Although Poverty had flung her sable garb around him, yet in imagination the mines of Peru and Mexico were his; *Gold* was the deity which from his soul he most adored, and the ideal wealth which encompossed him, seemed to be food both for the body and mind. Not a vessel did the winds waft to our port, but was immediately claimed as the property of *Martin Hoyle*—he was executor of every deceased person, whose estate was above mediocrity; and if he failed to appear in this character, it was only to assume that of an administrator, claiming considerable sums as due from the deceased person. Yet still amidst this general wreck of reason, the conversation of *Martin Hoyle* occasionally exhibited the traces of a mind originally vigorous—his remarks were frequently acute, shrewd, and forcible, when applied to subjects different from that which alone raised him to enthusiasm, and elevated his imagination to a degree bordering on mad-

ness.—He carried this strange infatuation with him to the grave, and in the hour of dissolution seemed oppressed by the reflection that he should leave behind him so much wealth and grandeur for the enjoyment of others.

[*Petersburg Intelligencer.*]

At Festina (Wales) a farmer who was 105 years of age, and had been three times married. By his first wife he had 80 children, by his second 10, by his third 4, and by two concubines 7. His youngest son was 81 years younger than the oldest, and 80[illegible] persons, descended from his body, attended his funeral.

In London, William Siddons esq. the husband of Mrs. Siddons, the celebrated actress Though he had been for some time infirm, his death was rather sudden, as he had passed the preceding evening with a party of friends, and appeared to be in good health. Mr. Siddons was an estemable man in private life, distinguished for his probity and an exact performance of all his duties. He had a correct taste for literature, and a ready turn for poetry, which appeared in many loyal and patriotic songs, to which, however, he was too modest to put his name.

In South street, Finsbury-square, Charles Duncan, esq. of Cheitrefield county, Virginia, North America.

In England, aged 68, Mr. S. Trotter. The suddeness of his death was peculiarly awful and affecting. He had gone to his attorney's office in the neighbourhood, in his usual health and spirits, to transact business, and in the midst of his conversation was seized by an apoplectic attack, which in an instant deprived him of the power of speech and motion. He was conveyed home and died a few hours afterwards. He was one of the common council of the city, and served the office of Sheriff in the year 1794.

At his house in the Shambles Lane, London, at the advanced age of 81, Mr. John Coltman, many years an eminent manufacturer in the hosiery and worsted trade. Mr. Coltman was not less remarkable for his studious habits, and his various attainments in literature, than for his probity as a man of business, and for his exact discharge of the relation of a husband, father, and friend. He was educated at the seminary of the Rev. John Aikin, at Kilworth, and it was his pride that he acquired the first rudiments of the Greek tongue, as a fellow-student of the daughter of his preceptor, the well-known Mrs. Barbauld. The love of letters which he acquired in this family, never forsook him; and being one of the earliest members of a circulating book club, the first institution of the kind (the members of which resided partly at Kilworth, and partly at Leicester) it may safely be asserted, that for half a century he perused every page of every new publication and periodical work that was circulated in the society In consequence of this perseverance, Mr. Coltman's mind became stored with facts and illustrations on every subject, and his conversation was sought after by every one who could draw him for an evening from his study. Being of the presbyterian persuasion, his talents were denied the exercise of public office; he enjoyed therefore, in a superior degree, the comforts of domestic life, and was for many years a striking example of the happiness which results from moderate wishes, from virtuous habits, and the pursuit of knowledge. He had for several years past been subject to attacks of the stone, and this complaint finally put an end to his life, at the advanced age mentioned above, but at a time when he was still in possession of the full vigour of his mental faculties and in other respects of his corporeal activity. He is survived by an amiable widow, two sons, and two daughters.

At Kingston, Mr. Hall, adding another to the melancholy list of suicides, originating in the want of employment, after an active life. He had suddedly retired from business, after acquiring a considerable property entirely by his industry, but from that time despondency seized and daily gained on him, until at length he escaped from the labours of idleness by cutting his own throat.

At Lathom, Eng. aged 59, Mr. James Standish, He was servant at Lathom-house thirty years, twenty three years of which time he was gamekeeper, and seven years park keeper. He was an excellent shot and in killing deer extraordinarily so. Of out of 934 bucks which he killed in Lathom park, he never missed shooting them in the head except twice.

At Canterbury, (Eng.) Mr. T. Coffee, 85, supposed to be one of the last, if not the only survivor of the crew of the Centurion, the ship in which Lord Anson returned with the small remains of his fleet, after a three years voyage round the globe, in 1744.